

# PRODUCTS OF UTAH IN 1902 EXCEED \$21,000,000

## VALUE OF UTAH FARM PRODUCTS IN 1902.

Hay and forage.....	\$4,700,000
Animals sold and slaughtered.....	3,300,000
Wool.....	2,500,000
Wheat.....	2,225,000
Dairy products.....	2,000,000
Poultry and eggs.....	1,500,000
Increase in value of animals.....	1,000,000
Sugar beets.....	800,000
Potatoes.....	700,000
Orchard and small fruits.....	700,000
Miscellaneous vegetables.....	400,000
Corn.....	150,000
Barley.....	150,000
Nursery products.....	150,000
Honey and wax.....	143,000
Alfalfa seed.....	135,000
Miscellaneous.....	200,000
Total.....	\$21,453,000
Value of products not fed to livestock.....	\$18,500,000

UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, BY PROFESSOR JAMES DRYDEN.

THE YEAR that has just closed has brought additional prosperity to the farmers of Utah and to the state as a whole. After a careful survey of the situation the statement is justified that the farms have produced

more wealth during the year than in any previous year. While the completed returns are not yet available, the gross products of the farms will undoubtedly exceed \$21,000,000 in value. The prices for all products have averaged high, and the crop yields have

The alfalfa seed crop was much above the average. Dairy and poultry products show a substantial increase, with prices of butter and eggs 20 to 25 per cent higher than last year. The fruit crop was good, so was the corn crop. Lucerne, Utah's second best crop, exceeded all records. After arbitrating some differences between census returns and department of agriculture estimates, the accompanying statement of farm products for the year 1902 is presented:

### Census Returns.

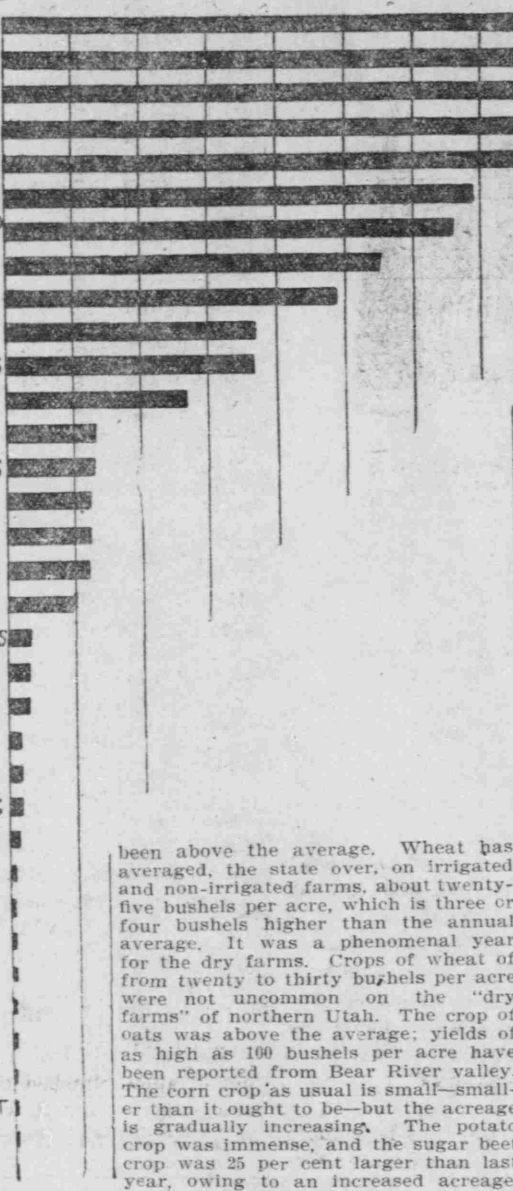
The census returns of Utah farm products for the year 1899 are given in table and diagram herewith. The census being taken only once in ten years, dependence is had on other sources for estimates of annual productions. The United States agricultural department publishes estimates each year of the amount and value of the principal products of the farm. The reports of the census and of the agricultural department do not by any means agree on the various items, but as stated, the census takes into account every possible product of the farm, and in that respect is more complete than the department's estimates, which cover only, as stated, the principal articles of production. The last census gives a gross income from the farms of Utah of \$17,422,948 in 1899, and the value of products fed to livestock, of \$13,542,661. That of

mer, Sanpete takes third place, followed closely by Cache. Weber is fifth on the list. Salt Lake county, with about 30 per cent less improved land, produced products of greater value than Utah county. Utah county, with 90 per cent less improved land than Cache, produced 65 per cent more of products. Utah county produced 17 worth of products per acre of improved land. Cache produced less than \$7 per acre. The sugar beets undoubtedly were a factor in this showing in favor of Utah county. That was before the advent of the sugar factory in Cache. The past year (1902), with \$150,000 worth of sugar beets, Cache would easily pass Sanpete and take third place in value of products, and at the same time make a decidedly better showing on value of products per acre.

With the same intensive agriculture in Cache as in Utah county, Cache would produce \$2,500,000 worth of products instead of a trifle over \$1,000,000. Utah county on the whole, is the great agricultural county of the state. It excels every other county in alfalfa, barley, corn, potatoes, sugar beets, dairy and poultry products and small fruits. It produces more than any other county in value of animals sold; Cache in wheat. Sanpete leads in oats and wool. Weber leads in value of orchard fruits, and Daines has the most satisfactory Box Elder, are the strong agricultural counties of the state. Utah county, however, with her diversified products, is the inner agricultural county of the state.

## HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

HAY AND FORAGE  
ANIMALS SOLD  
WOOL  
WHEAT  
DAIRY PRODUCTS  
POULTRY AND EGGS  
ANIMALS SLAUGHTERED  
ON FARMS  
OATS  
POTATOES  
SUGAR BEETS  
MISC. VEGETABLES  
ORCHARD FRUIT  
ALFALFA SEED  
NURSERY PRODUCTS  
CORN  
BARLEY  
SMALL FRUIT  
HONEY AND WAX  
FLOWERS AND PLANTS  
ONIONS  
GRAPES  
RYE  
SORGHUM  
FOREST PRODUCTS  
MISC. SEEDS  
MISCELLANEOUS  
BEANS  
PEASE  
SWEET POTATOES  
BUCKWHEAT  
COTTON  
BROOM CORN  
SUBTROPICAL FRUIT  
PEANUTS  
FLAX SEED



### Utah Farm Products, 1899—Twelfth Census.

	Bushels	Value
Hay and forage (tons).....	851,864	\$3,862,820
Live animals sold.....	2,356,591	3,300,000
Wool (pounds).....	17,659,977	2,500,000
Wheat.....	3,414,071	2,225,000
Dairy products.....	1,522,532	2,000,000
Poultry and eggs.....	687,121	1,500,000
Animals slaughtered on farms.....	1,438,255	1,000,000
Potatoes.....	1,483,500	700,000
Sugar beets (tons).....	55,914	800,000
Miscellaneous.....	262,084	400,000
Orchard fruit.....	35,328	700,000
Alfalfa seed.....	122,775	135,000
Corn.....	250,000	150,000

been above the average. Wheat has averaged, the state over, on irrigated and non-irrigated farms, about twenty-five bushels per acre, which is three or four bushels higher than the annual average. It was a phenomenal year for the dry farms. Crops of wheat of from twenty to thirty bushels per acre were not uncommon on the "dry farms" of northern Utah. The crop of oats was above the average; yields as high as 100 bushels per acre have been reported from Bear River valley. The corn crop as usual is small—smaller than it ought to be—but the acreage is gradually increasing. The potato crop was immense, and the sugar beet crop was 25 per cent larger than last year, owing to an increased acreage.

### The Agricultural Supremacy.

In value of products Salt Lake and Utah counties rank about equal, the difference being in favor of the former.

Barley.....	252,149	121,837
Small fruits.....	117,436	117,436
Honey and wax.....	143,000	143,000
Flowers and plant products.....	33,311	33,311
Onions.....	33,311	33,311
Grapes.....	26,500	26,500
Eys.....	3,089	3,089
Sorghum (tons).....	18,436	18,436
Forest products.....	10,309	10,309
Miscellaneous seeds.....	4,959	4,959
Beans.....	2,094	2,094
Peas.....	1,555	1,555
Sweet potatoes.....	494	494
Buckwheat.....	292	292
Cotton.....	4,850	4,850
Broom corn (pounds).....	190	190
Sub-tropical fruit.....	190	190
Peanuts.....	190	190
Flax seed.....	20	20

course, was three years ago. Since then there has been a great annual increase in the production of the farm. As the hay and forage crops are largely fed on the farms to livestock, it will be seen that the largest source of income for the census year was and is animals sold. This class includes cattle, horses, sheep and swine. If to the value of animals sold be added the value of animals slaughtered on farms, the amount will be considerably over \$3,000,000. In value, wool is a close second, and as this is nearly all sold outside of the state, it represents so much money brought into the state, and as the hay and forage crops are probably our most valuable agricultural asset.

Acres in farms and value of products, 1899.

	Acres in farms	Value of products
Total.....	14,921	165,124
Improved.....	10,708	139,894
Unimproved.....	4,213	25,230
Beaver.....	20,220	15,124
Box Elder.....	570,688	90,708
Box Elder.....	570,688	90,708
Carbon.....	27,975	8,790
Davis.....	225,557	55,575
Garfield.....	28,800	13,632
Grand.....	15,698	4,748

Iron.....	23,922	7,746
Lead.....	78,317	24,353
Copper.....	22,950	6,214
Millard.....	108,009	28,153
Morgan.....	13,625	11,885
Plute.....	27,583	12,349
Rich.....	100,806	48,623
Salt Lake.....	273,359	74,042
San Juan.....	18,846	4,390
Sanpete.....	18,853	9,971
Sevier.....	75,707	41,315
Summit.....	280,631	55,290
Tooele.....	116,016	27,651
Utah.....	240,326	21,083
Wasatch.....	222,836	100,159
Washington.....	21,886	10,566
Wayne.....	28,551	12,292
Weber.....	183,622	48,208
Utah valley and Uncompagere.....	438,070	4,891
Total.....	1,116,931	1,032,117

This table also gives the number of acres in farms, and the acreage improved in 1899. There are 13,387 farms. Just one-fourth, or 25 per cent of the farm acreage is improved or under cultivation. This does not take into account possible areas that may be reclaimed and made into farms by irrigation, the limits of which are only measured by the skill of the engineer and the faith of the investor.

### Past With Future Growth.

A study of the census reports for each decade since 1850 discloses the fact that Utah has made a most satisfactory growth in agriculture. Tak-

Cherries, bushels.....	9,905	573
Peaches, bushels.....	83,318	69,970
Pears, bushels.....	39,883	6,138
Plums, bushels.....	45,364	9,663

### Fruit Production Figures.

The statistics as to fruit production are a distinct disappointment. While the percentage increase during the last decade has been satisfactory, the amount of the product is far below any preconceived notions. However, the number of bushels of fruit do not show correctly the growth that has been made. It takes several years for trees to come into bearing. Comparing the number of trees at the beginning with the number at the end of the decade, we find a more satisfactory showing. There were six times more apple trees growing in 1900 than in 1890; the same increase in number of peach trees; over twenty times more pear trees, and twelve times more plum and prune trees. When these trees come into bearing there should be a more satisfactory showing in fruit production.

With a fair field the next United States census should show, at the same rate of increase as during the last decade, something like \$60,000,000 worth of farm products in Utah. The chief factor, of course, to be figured on is stability in prices. The next factor will be the amount of additional land brought under cultivation, and third, improved methods in farming.

Cereals, bushels.....	1899	1900	1901	1902
Hay, tons.....	2,356,591	1,577,385	1,792,287	1,831,832
Potatoes, bushels.....	319,197	92,725	27,795	78,235

As shown by the last census figures the amount of improved land can very easily be doubled, without taking into account vast tracts of land not now under farms, but possible of reclamation.

A glance at this table removes any possible question that Utah agriculture has been going backward. There has been a steady growth, and the greatest growth has been during the last decade. The growth has not been phenomenal. It must necessarily be slower in an irrigated country than in a new country where the settler is not preceded by costly systems of irrigating canals. A large proportion of the growth is undoubtedly due to improved systems of farming, to making better use of the land already under the irrigating ditch.

### Growth in Other Lines.

The following table shows the growth that has been made in other lines, viz., dairy and poultry products and fruits, the statistics for which do not go beyond the year 1879. This shows a splendid progress during the last decade, the dairy and poultry products nearly trebling in amount.

Gallons milk produced.....	1899	1889	1879
Pounds cheese produced.....	2,812,122	1,759,554	1,052,903
Pounds butter produced.....	169,251	132,539	126,727
Number chickens.....	334,842	279,383	214,725
Dressed eggs.....	2,387,349	1,131,917	828,255
Apples, bushels.....	189,882	56,622	32,455
Apricots, bushels.....	6,272	4,178	1,718

MacVeagh and the Archbishop.  
(Baltimore Sun.)  
The prominent part which Wayne MacVeagh is taking in the coal strike investigation is causing a number of anecdotes about him to be revived. One of them is told by Judge Leser of the appeal tax court, who imbibed some of his legal knowledge from the former attorney general in Philadelphia. "Some years ago," said Judge Leser, "the late George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, gave a dinner party at his home near Philadelphia, at which the guests included Archbishop Ryan and Mr. MacVeagh, then solicitor for the railroad. "Things were going very pleasantly

when Mr. MacVeagh turned to the archbishop and said: 'Mr. Roberts has given us all a free pass out here; can't you return the favor by giving him a free pass to heaven?'  
"There's one thing in the way," replied the archbishop, thoughtfully: 'I'm afraid it might separate him from his solicitor.'

### Old Maids and Climate.

(Lillian Malt in Harper's Bazar.)  
Of course an unmarried woman is always a disappointment to herself, but the way she takes it is the difference between old maids and bachelor girls.  
The unenlightened frequently make the mistake of thinking that lack of opportunity is responsible for the existence of single women, but I lay most of it to climate. The New England climate is not conducive to matrimony or even love making. And even after the crucial moment has passed and the single woman has drifted from girlhood to spinsterhood, a cold climate, raw winds, chill rains and snow tend to increase the loneliness of it.  
"There may be old maids in the south, but I never heard of their being called by that name. I have known some single women, school teachers, anywhere from 17 to 50, and some of their grown boy pupils were eternally and perennially in love with them. A single wo-

### Strength of a Bootblack.

(Philadelphia Record.)  
"I don't blame people for getting out of patience with some of our salespeople," said the head of the book department. "Only yesterday a girl who, to do her justice, has only been here a short time, came to me and said: 'Have we a book called "The Strength of a Bootblack"?' I replied that I had never heard of such a book, and asked her if she was positive about the title. 'Yes, that's what the lady asked for,' she replied. 'Lead me to the lady,' I said. I expected to find her among the juveniles, but instead she was looking over the religious works. I approached her and asked what book she was in search of. And what do you think was the answer? "Culture and Strength," by Hugh Black."

### Ignorance.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)  
Ex-District Attorney George S. Graham tells this incident of the time when he was superintendent of the Oxford school Sunday school. He was on his way to the school when he saw some boys playing in the street. Thinking he might stop them and perhaps get them to go to Sunday school, he said: "One of the smallest, who was standing near, shouted to his chum, further down the street: "Say, Bill here's a guy what's been out all night and don't know what day it is. The boys did not go to Sunday school that day."

## USED THREE LOADED DICE

(Newark News.)

In the few flakes that whirled through the air there was every indication that a lively western snowstorm was about to strike the little Colorado town of Whitesville. Seemingly winter was about to celebrate the afternoon before Christmas by putting on a garb in keeping with the spirit of the holiday.

As the snow began to fall Jim Baker, tramp, panhandler, man of no work and of no account generally, shuffled along the main street, apparently unconcerned by the scenes about him. He was grimy with the dirt and cinders that had accumulated about his person in a ride of more than 200 miles, hanging to the brake rods on the forward truck of a freight car. Appearances did not count for a great deal with him. He had figured out that as Whitesville did not count for much on the map he would not amount to much while there. Anyhow, he didn't want to be in Whitesville. It was all the fault of the brakeman of the freight, Jim was trying to reach Denver for Christmas, because he knew there would be lots of graft dinners there, and it seemed to him at times as if he tasted the turkey and sauce of his anticipations. But his plans had changed, as they had often done before. It came about when the brakeman discovered a tramp on the forward truck. Jim became very much aware of his being located when the train hand tied a coupling pin to a rope and allowed the chunk of iron to drag between the humpers of the car, and at Whitesville, the first stop, he crawled from under the car, glad that his head had not been knocked in by the jumping coupling pin, which had persisted in bouncing up and down over the hard roadbed and among the brake rods.

As the tramp moved away from the railroad yard he cautiously glanced around, fearful that some constable might see him, but at the same time thankful to get away from the company of a bad-minded brakeman. He was also happy because he was not thrown off in the mountains "steep miles from nowhere," as he expressed it.

Safe from detection now that he had reached one of the town streets, Jim breathed easier and his thoughts began to quiet after the past few hours' excitement. Suddenly he thrust his hands into his pockets, bringing forth a moment later a shining 25-cent piece and three dice. The latter were loaded and had been given him by a gambler whom Jim had helped out in a row in a mining town further back in the state.

"A quarter," he mused, as he replaced the dice. Then he counted, looking at the piece of silver. "To be or not to be, that is the question," he muttered, and, finally concluding that he was in no hurry for a drink, he started out to see the sights of the place.

The snow began to cover Jim's rather stocky form and cling to his clothing. Even his week's growth of beard held some of the feathery substance, giving him the appearance of an aged man, rather than the features of a person who was hardly over the three-decade mark.

About dusk Jim concluded that he was hungry. "Guess I'll eat," he said, and then started to trudge through the snow down one of the side streets. A

small frame house engaged his attention, and he tried the side gate. It was open and he knocked at the rear door. There was a touch of refinement in the graceful sweep of Jim's hand to his hat, as the door opened and a tired-looking little woman asked what was wanted. To her skirts clung a pretty little boy of possibly 7 years.

"Something to eat?" she said. "You are welcome to what we can give if you care to wait."

"Thank you," said Jim, and in reply to an invitation he seated himself within a few minutes extended from the rear of the house.

Several minutes later the door again opened and the boy brought out a plate of bread and his mother a bowl of hot tea.

"You ain't Santa Claus?" queried the boy, doubtfully, when the woman had gone back, closely observing the stranger all the while.

"Sure, Mike," said the tramp, facetiously, in an effort to please the youngster. "Don't I look like him?" he asked, thinking of his snow-covered clothing.

To make the answer more impressive, the tramp inquired from the boy what he wanted for Christmas, confident all the time that the youngster's needs in this line had been foreseen and provided for by his parents.

"I want a sleigh and a box of tools," said the boy, "and lots of things. Sister wants a dollie, and ma wants things, too. You see, pa broke his leg a long while ago at work, and ma has no money left, and she says we won't have any turkey or anything else this year, and that Santa Claus isn't going to call."

Jim was swallowing the last of the tea when he realized that he had made a grievous mistake.

"That's downright yellow," he thought, "stringing the poor kid that way." The thought that the boy had taken him for Santa Claus made him want to go away at once.

As the lad gathered up the dishes he called out: "Don't forget."

"I won't," came back the answer.

Jim walked away with the boy's words ringing in his ears. "That's pretty tough," he said to himself. "A gangster like me can get what I want without a sleigh and that bunch is half starved." He wanted to do something for the boy and his mother, and the presence of the quarter in his pocket made him wish for more money. There was a time when he had a good deal more than he needed for his immediate wants, but he imagined that the cold wind did more good with a little of it than ever before in his life.

In trudging back to the main street of Whitesville the tramp's attention turned to a saloon window, and as he had forgotten the incident of the boy and was deeply engrossed in a sign on the front of the place, which read:

RAFFLE TONIGHT.  
Turkeys, Geese and Chickens.  
10 Cts. Chance. Free Lunch.

It might have been the free lunch that induced Jim to go in, or perhaps it was the glare of lights and the sound of many voices that attracted him. Perhaps, again, it was because of an idea that the raffle would mean free drinks galore. The latter line of rea-

soning was correct, for Jim had no more than got inside when a big, rough-looking fellow, evidently a miner, roared out: "All hands to the bar! My treat!"

There was no hesitancy on the part of anyone to go where the miner was, and when all were served there was a general chorus wishing the big man a merry Christmas and many more of them.

It was not long before Jim had made several new friends of his own class and was oblivious of everything but what was going on within the saloon, getting plenty to eat and an even greater quantity of drink. The 25-cent piece meantime nestled in his pocket, and he made up his mind that Denver was not the only place on the map.

As the night drew on, raffling for poultry began. Each purchaser of a chance was given the privilege of throwing three dice from a round leather box on the bar, the highest total in three attempts to win the prize. Jim thought of the three loaded dice in his pocket. Perhaps it was the number of the numbers, which made him reckless for he bought a ticket. Reaching out as he was called upon to throw, he quickly palmed the three black-spotted pieces of bone and substituted the loaded ones which the gambler had given him. There was a general following of eyes as the dice rattled along the bar.

"Three sixes," called the scorer, and a general murmur of surprise went up from the crowd. It was a "good start," they said.

"That's fine," remarked the big miner, "but you have to beat my fifty."

Jim said nothing, but quickly gathered the dice together and once more cast them on the bar. Two fives and a six were revealed, and the scorer called out "Thirty-four in all." The excitement increased. Jim knew he was being watched, but his recklessness gave him confidence. The dice were tossed back and he tossed them about. This time two more sixes and a five showed up.

"I win," shouted the tramp, in order to cover up his confusion. He picked up the loaded dice and palmed them, replacing them with the other three that he had kept hidden in the same hand.

Several men about, tried to beat the tramp's throw, but it was not long before they gave it up as a useless job, and Jim discovered he had a turkey in his possession, and began to wonder what it was in.

In the midst of his dilemma he was offered \$2 for the bird, and with the money in his pocket he felt like a millionaire.

A second bird was won in similar manner, and this he raffled off among a dozen men, realizing \$3 after he had bought the drinks for all who had participated.

The loaded dice and his nerve stood Jim in good stead for the next hour, but when he won his third turkey he was thrown out, bird and all, by the envious saloonkeeper. Despite his treatment he was happy as he renewed his wanderings. By this time the snow was deep and he found some difficulty getting along, but he didn't care. In the course of his walk he had passed one of the largest stores in the place. Crowds of purchasers going in induced him to glance at the windows and hundreds of toys greeted his gaze. On the corner was a large doll, and as the tramp stared at it he could hear the voice of the boy who thought he was Santa Claus, saying "Don't forget."

The attractiveness of the scene grew on him and the words of the youngster returned to leave his mind.

The more he looked at the toys the more the meanness of the situation be-

gan to dawn upon him, and he started off to dissipate his feelings. Still the words, "Don't forget," remained with him. The tramp suddenly stopped, and began to reason it out.

"Five plunks in my pocket," he said to himself. "If I tell them I used loaded dice I'll get killed. Not any for mine. But I won't forget."

Then he turned and went back to the big store. An hour later he came out with a bundle of toys, a sled and a doll among them, and they had cost all but a few cents of what he had possessed, and he still held to his turkey. Ten minutes later he was hurrying through the storm toward the little frame house in which the boy slept, dreaming of the things which Santa Claus had promised. The snow muffled the tramp's footsteps as he passed through the gate and the cracking of the hinges might have been caused by the storm. Quietly the toys and the turkey were placed under the shed at the back of the house, and softly the muffled figure moved away.

It was after midnight, and Christmas had come, when Jim bent his head to face the storm on his road back to the saloons of Whitesville.

"Poor little kids!" he muttered, "But old man Santa Claus didn't forget," and he seemed very happy. An hour later, when he felt asleep in the warm lodging house, those who say near him could hear him softly talking to himself. "Don't forget," he was saying over and over again.

### BOOKS FOR LIBRARY.

The following forty-one volumes of juvenile books will be added to the public library Dec. 29, 1902:  
"Fair Tales," "Remained with a Barbour," "Behind the Line," a story of college life.  
"Life and Adventures of Santa Claus."  
Bennett—"Bannaby Lee."  
Beard—"What a Girl Can Make and Do."  
Bonhill—"Under Scott in Mexico."  
Carment—"Story of Jean Arc."  
Carry—"The Admiral's Caravan."  
Charney—"Margaret."  
Chatterbox—"1902 (reference)."  
Church—"Stories of Charlewyn."  
Comstock—"The Little Prince."  
Dix—"A Little Captive Lad."  
Douglas—"A Little Girl in Old Detroit."  
Finley—"Elsie's Winter Trip."  
Greene—"Pickett's Gap."  
Hibbard—"The Book of the Insect."  
Haley—"A Dornfield Summer."  
Hedde—"A Mystery of St. Eusebe."  
Holder—"The Adventure of Torquemada."  
Huebner—"Charles Kill